



The School Board of Brevard County, Florida  
2700 Judge Fran Jamieson Way, Viera, FL 32940

REQUEST FOR RECONSIDERATION OF MATERIALS

**DIRECTIONS:** This form shall be used to challenge instructional materials already adopted and in use in the classroom and/or other media material placed in the school's media center.

Information Regarding Materials for Reconsideration	
Type of material:	<input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Book <input type="checkbox"/> Video/DVD <input type="checkbox"/> CD/MP3 <input type="checkbox"/> Adopted Textbook <input type="checkbox"/> Periodical <input type="checkbox"/> Audio Book <input checked="" type="checkbox"/> Other (please specify) <u>Book online</u>
Title of material:	<u>Kingdom of Little Wounds</u>
Author(s):	<u>SUSANN COKAL</u>
Publisher/Producer:	<u>Candlewick Press</u>
Copyright date:	<u>2013</u>

1. F.S. 1006.40(3)(d) requires that any materials purchased thereunder, must be:
- ☒ Free of pornography and materials prohibited under F.S. 847.012.
  - ☒ Suited to student needs and their ability to comprehend the material presented.
  - ☒ Appropriate for the grade level and age group for which the materials are used or made available.

\*Please select (above) which portion of the cited Florida Statute that you feel most captures your objection to the material.

2. What brought this material to your attention? A friend was telling me about how bad this book was.

3. Did you examine the entire material? yes If not, what parts did you examine? \_\_\_\_\_

4. Required - To what in the material do you object? (Please be specific -- cite pages, picture, film sequence, etc.)

Depicts Rape by forced oral sex  
of a girl who is a minor, and a slave.  
Depicts graphic details of Abortion  
given by self in fiction,  
Story of Bestiality  
Examp. Included.

5. What do you feel might be the result of a student using this material?

Exposure to material beyond their understanding  
And ability to process emotionally. This  
could do harm to students unprepared for  
this type of language

6. For what grade level group would you request reconsideration? Check your choice(s)

☐ K - 2 ☐ 7 - 8

☐ 3 - 5 ☐ 9 - 10

☐ 6 ☐ 11 - 12

Now of the Above  
there are better selections.

7. In your opinion, is there anything of value in this material?

No, this is not educational  
material but more of a book for  
someone more mature who enjoys violence & gore

8. Have you read any critical reviews of this material? If so, what? Please be specific.

I have read several reviews from Amazon,  
Good reads, and common sense media.

9. What would you like the school to do about this material? (Check your choice.)

All reviews gave trigger warning or warning that it  
was for mature readers. Words used were vile + 2 much  
sex

☐ Do not assign it to my child.

☒ Withdraw it from all students in the identified grade level groups.

☒ Other: (Please explain) Remove from all schools

10. If this material is withdrawn, what material of the same subject and format would you suggest as a substitute?

Books - Poems by Shakespeare  
Chaucer, Lope De Vega or Kate Chopin

Requests for reconsideration can be received one of two ways. With option 1, the petitioner provides information for verification of residence and for communication purposes. Petitioner in option 1 will have the ability to present his/her concerns at the hearing. With option 2, the petitioner can submit anonymously but must submit in person for a District official to verify that the petitioner is a resident. The anonymous petitioner must also submit an e-mail for communication purposes.

Option 1 for submission via e-mail or in person.

<b>Requestor's Contact Information</b>			
Requestor's Name:	<u>Crisp</u> (Last)	<u>JANICE</u> (First)	 (Middle)
Requestor's Address:			
	(Street Address)	(City)	(State) (Zip Code)
Email Address:			
Home Phone:			Cell Phone: <span style="background-color: black; display: inline-block; width: 100px; height: 1.2em;"></span>

Requestor's Signature (Physical Signature Required)

Date

Option 2 must submit in person

<b>Anonymous Submission</b>	
Residence Check - by District official:	
Official's Name: _____	Signature: _____
Petitioner's E-mail Address: Required _____	

<b>FOR ADMINISTRATIVE USE ONLY:</b>	
Date Received: <u>8/2023</u>	Received by: <u>Michelle Ault</u>
Reviewer Notes (if any): _____	
School Materials Review Committee Meeting Date: _____ Outcome: _____	
District-Level Materials Review Committee Meeting Date: (if applicable) _____ Outcome: _____	

9/25/18  
4/17/19  
4/11/23



on holy ground. The least kind thought me an abortioness and said I should be pilloried for the crime. Some — and these made Sabine angriest of all — said my new stepmother had given me the poison, as one of her previous husbands had been an apothecary.

Under Queen Isabel, who is so modest that she won't wear garments a man's hand has touched, Skyggehavn has been a city of churchly virtue, the glassmakers' district particularly so. When a community develops aspirations toward gentility, suddenly the bastards disappear and all the women must be virgins.

I'm sure that among these good people there were women who had drunk bryony wine or chewed an oniony autumn crocus, thrust rocks or sticks inside themselves to expel unwanted occupants — I've heard of a glass master who specializes in a bauble that will do this — but at the whisper that I had done it too, they turned against me. I took on the guilt of every woman who had broken the law this way, and no one thought to make sure I had sinned in fact as well as in rumor.

Abortion

And how can I be certain it was *not* my own wishes that caused my miscarriage? Sometimes wishes are granted, and I am not the first to observe that this is rarely for the best.

Father and Sabine worried that at any moment the city guardsmen might appear and haul me off to prison. But to their credit, they did not (so far as I know) consider tossing me out among the streets and canals; they kept me upstairs, kept nursing me, kept hoping for some fix to the situation. And I, who had been so impatient to push forward with my life — now I could not move, couldn't sleep or eat, paralyzed with shame and terror. I thereby made the speculation worse, for some say a



I clutched my stomach and groaned. "Poor thing!" Sabine fairly shouted, gesturing to my father. Naturally she'd already guessed what was happening to me.

"There, there, my dear," Father said staggily. He was as shrewd as his wife and caught her clue neatly. "This time will be fine, as it always is." He wrapped me in his cloak, and the two of them bore me home, my head a lolling broken daisy.

I took to my bed. I was fevered and sick, though the blood didn't last long. Our servant, Gerda, stayed with me day and night; Father and Sabine brought me soups and poultices of herbs. They campaigned in the neighborhood to insist that this was just an episode of terrible courses.

"Some virgins have a time, you know." I heard Sabine say it over and over, down by the canal below my window. "She'll be up and about soon."

Every soul has its secrets, and it is no secret that there are some who make it their business to ferret these out and spread them through



## THE PRINCESS WHO CONSENTED



*There was once a princess who agreed to be married, as her father wished, to a foreign king. She bade a brave farewell to her people, chiding her mother not to weep; for this was her fate, and a blessed one.*

*When she arrived at her new husband's court, the princess was shocked to discover that her father had betrothed her to a monkey. The little thing danced around her gleefully, clapping his leathery monkey hands and chittering his yellow monkey teeth. The crown teetered on his narrow monkey pate, held in place by his long monkey tail. He was so excited to meet his bride that he soiled the floor of his own great hall.*

*The princess was disgusted, but the courtiers — all of them human men and women, handsome if silent — treated their king and his bride with the utmost deference. So she endured the ceremony, put on the ring the monkey gave her, and climbed dutifully into bed with him that night.*

*In all this time, the monkey said not one word to*



her. Nor did she expect him to speak, for she guessed that if he were to become human, it could happen only after love's first kiss. And so she let him kiss her with his wet monkey lips, and she felt his coarse monkey body pressing against hers, and at every gesture she expected that he would transform into a husband as pleasing as his courtiers. In the morning, the king hung the bloodied sheets out the chamber window; a barbaric custom. And barbaric, too, was the transformation — for the princess discovered that while her husband had remained the same, all his courtiers had reverted into monkeys, which was their true shape.

Thenceforth she was the queen of a wild, speechless monkey-land. Her children had long hairy fin<sup>g</sup>ers



*gers and curling tails, with slobbering lips that the king insisted must suckle on no breasts but her own.*

*In time, the queen began to pray that she, too, would turn into a monkey, if only to make these circumstances easier to bear. But the angels of the monkey-land did not heed her prayers, for in all the years she lived among them, she never managed once to give her husband a loving kiss.*



Jacob Lille, Jacob Lille. Who smelled so sweetly of piney amber. For whom my heart still pines, the only man I ever kissed because I chose to, not because it was forced on me.

It is as if Lord Nicolas reads my thoughts and revels in them. He holds my hair tighter, thrusts himself deeper, faster. And then he grunts. He pulls himself out and spends over my fingers, ropes of seed that could sew up my future if he decided to loop them between my legs and give me a baby. At last I understand that he's avoiding any chance I would manage this; once again, he gives me his handkerchief to wipe with, then throws it behind him to be burned. He won't risk a bastard, not by me.

My whole body trembles; all of me would weep if I wasn't sure it would get me further punishment.

Rape

"Good," he says, adjusting himself so all fits as it should. "Now you know. Next time you will have information for me." To prove he hasn't forgotten my real purpose. And that he'll use me this way again if I need bringing into line.

My knees crack as I struggle to my feet. "I



to these men and spread them throughout town. I myself had been guilty of gossiping, telling stories to the girls at needle school or to my lover. Harmless secrets, I thought them; but I've since concluded there is no such thing. Not since I was the subject.

When my stepmother came upstairs, she repeated the rumors about me angrily. Not just that I'd fallen pregnant and Jacob had discarded me for it, not just that I miscarried from the shame of being abandoned. But even more: that the bloody squall was of my choosing too, and that I had defied holy law by bringing it on in front of a church. The kindest of the neighbors believed it was God or the Spirit Himself who purged me, enraged at a sinning presence